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WHOLE NO. 63.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
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NOTICE.

NEW YORK, 8 September, 1855.

The undersigned having appointed Mr. J. B. McLEACH, of Sacramento City, his Agent in California would respectfully inform the members of the California Fire Department, that gentlemen will always keep on hand an assortment of Fire Caps, Hose Covers, Striking Leather Belts, Trampings, and every article required by the Firemen of every style and finish, of his celebrated manufactory.

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Two College Friends.
CHAPTER I.

In the year seventeen hundred and seventy-three two young men took possession of the only habitable rooms of the old tumble-down rectory-house of Combe-Warleigh, in one of the wildest parts of one of the western counties, then chiefly notable for miles upon miles of totally uncultivated moor and hill. The rooms were not many, consisting only of two wretched bed-chambers and a parlor of diminutive size. A small building which leaned against the outer wall served as a kitchen to the establishment; and the cook, an old woman of sixty years of age, retired every night to a cottage about a quarter of a mile from the parsonage, where she had occupied a garret for many years. The house had originally been built of lath and plaster, and in some places revealed the skeleton walls where the weather had peeled off the outer coating, and given the building an appearance of ruin and desolation which comported with the bleakness of the surrounding scenery. With the exception of the already-named cottage and a small collection of huts around the deserted mansion of the landlord of the estate, there were no houses in the parish. How it ever came to the honor of possessing a church and rectory no one could discover; for there were no records or traditions of its having been more wealthy or populous than it then was; but it was in fact only nominally a parish, for no clergyman had been resident for a hundred years; the living was held by the fortunate possessor of a vicarage about fifteen miles to the north, and with the tithes of the united cures made up a stately income of nearly ninety pounds a year. No wonder there were no repairs on the rectory, nor frequent visits to its parishioners. It was only on the first Sunday of each month he rode over from his dwelling-place and read the service to the few persons who happened to remember it was the Sabbath, or understood the invitation conveyed to them by the one broken bell swayed to and fro by the drunken shoemaker (who also officiated as clerk) the moment he saw the parson's shovel hat appear on the ascent of the Vaid hill. And great accordingly was the surprise of the population, and pleased the heart of the rector, when two young gentlemen from Oxford hired the apartments I have described—fitted them up with a cart load of furniture from Hawsleigh, and gave out that they were going to spend the long vacation in that quiet neighborhood for the convenience of study. Nor did their conduct belie their statement. Their table was covered with books, and maps, and dictionaries; and after their frugal breakfast, the whole day was devoted to reading. Two handsome, intelligent-looking young men as ever you saw—both about the same age and height, with a contrast both in look and disposition that probably formed the first link in the close friendship that existed between them.

Arthur Hayning, a month or two the senior, was of a more self-relying nature and firmer character than the other. In uninterrupted effort he pursued his work, never looking up, never making a remark, seldom even answering a stray observation of his friend. But when the hour assigned for the close of his studies had arrived, a change took place in his manner. He was gayer, more active, and inquiring than his volatile companion. The books were packed away, the writing-desk locked up; with a stout stick in his hand, a strong hammer in his pocket, and a canvas-bag slung over his shoulder, he started off on an exploring expedition among the neighboring hills; while Winnington, arming himself with a green gauze net, and his coat-sleeve glittering with a multitude of pins, accompanied him in his walk—diverging for long spaces in search of butterflies, which he brought back in triumph, scientifically transfixed on the leaves of his pocket-book. On their return home, their after-dinner employment consisted in arranging their specimens. Arthur spread out on the clay floor of the passage the different rocks he had gathered up in his walk. He broke them into minute fragments, examined them through his magnifying glass, sometimes dissolved a portion of them in aquafortis, tasted them, smelt to them, and finally threw them away: not so the more fortunate naturalist; with him the mere pursuit was a delight, and the victims of his net a perpetual source of rejoicing. He fitted them into a tray, wrote their names and families on narrow slips of paper in the nearest possible hand, and laid away his box of treasures as if they were choicest specimens of diamonds and rubies.

"What a dull occupation yours is!" said Winnington one night, "compared to mine. You go thumping old stones and gathering up lumps of clay, grubbing forever among mud or sand, and never lifting up your eyes from this dirty spot of earth. Whereas I go merrily over valley and hill, keep my eyes open to the first flutter of a beautiful butterfly's wing, follow it in its meandering, happy flight—"

"And kill it—with torture," interposed Arthur Hayning, coldly.

"But it's for the sake of science. Nay, as I am going to be a doctor, it's perhaps for the sake of fortune."

"And that justifies you in putting it to death." "There you go with your absurd German philanthropies; though, by-the-by, love for a butterfly scarcely deserves the name. But think of the inducement, think of the glory of verifying with your own eyes the identity of a creature described in books; think of the interests at stake; and above all, and this ought to be a settling argument to you, think of the enjoyment it will give my cousin Lucy to have her specimen-chest quite filled; and when you are married to her—"

"Dear Winnington, do hold your tongue. How can I venture to look forward to that for many years? I have only a hundred a year. She has nothing," Arthur sighed as he spoke.

"How much do you require? When do you expect to be rich enough?"

"When I have three times my present fortune—and that will be—who can tell? I may suddenly discover a treasure like Aladdin's, and then, Winnington, my happiness will be perfect."

"I think you should have made acquaintance with the magician, or even got possession of the ring, before you asked her hand," said Winnington Harvey, with a changed tone. "She is the nicest girl in the world, and loves you with all her heart; but if you have to wait till fortune comes—"

"She will wait as long, willingly and happily. She has told me so. I love her with the freshness of a heart that has never loved any thing else. I love you too, Winnington, for her sake; and we had better not talk any more on the subject, for I don't like your perpetual objections to the engagement."

Winnington, as usual, yielded to the superiority of his friend, and was more affectionate in his manner to him than ever, as if to blot out the remembrance of what he had recently said. They went on in silence with their respective works, and chipped stones, and impaled butterflies till a late hour.

"Don't be alarmed, Winnington," said Arthur, with a smile, as he lighted his bed-candle that night. "I am twenty-one and Lucy not nineteen. The gent of the lamp will be at our bidding before we are very old, and you shall have apartments in the palace, and be appointed resident physician to the princess."

"With a salary of ten thousand a year, and my board and washing?"

"A seat on my right hand, when I sit down to my banquets."

"Good! That's a bargain," said Winnington, laughing, and they parted to their rooms.

Geology was not at that time a recognized science in England. But Arthur Hayning had been resident for some years in Germany, where it had long been established as one of the principal branches of a useful education. There were chairs of metallurgy, supported by government grants, and schools of mining, both theoretic and practical, established wherever the nature of the soil was indicative of mineral wealth. Hayning was an orphan, the son of a country surgeon, who had managed to amass the sum of two thousand pounds. He was left in charge of a friend of his father, engaged in the Hamburg trade, and by him had been early sent to the care of a Protestant clergyman in Prussia, who devoted himself to the improvement of his pupil.

His extraordinary talents were so dwelt on by this excellent man, in his letters to the guardian, that it was resolved to give him a better field for their display than the University of Jena could afford, and he had been sent to one of the public schools in England, and from it, two years before this period, he had been transferred, with the highest possible expectations of friends and teachers, to College, Oxford. Here he made acquaintance with Winnington Harvey; and through him, having visited him one vacation at his home in Warwickshire, had become known to Lucy Mainfield, the only daughter of a widowed aunt of his friend, who was called the stable with his own hands. He went with him into the church. He looked all the time of service at the Squire's pew, but it was empty. He walked alongside the rector on his return; he accompanied him as far as the village, and told him quite in a careless manner of the family's return.

"I have done it," he said, when he got home again, late at night. "I know them both. The father is a delightful old man. He kept me and the clergyman to dinner—and Ellen! there never was so charming a creature before; and Arthur, she's fond of butterflies, and catches them in a green gauze net, and has a very good collection—particularly of night-hawks. That's the reason she was out so late the night we saw her at the window. They were very kind; they knew all about our being here, and Ellen thanked me so for being good to her poor people. I felt quite ashamed."

The young man's eyes were flashing with delight; his voice trembled; he caught the cold gaze of his friend fixed upon him, and blushed.

"You look very much ashamed of yourself," said Arthur, "and I am sorry you have made their acquaintance. It will interfere with our object in coming here."

"Ah! and I told her you were a perfect German; and she understands the language, and I said you would lend her any of your books she chose."

pelisse of green silk edged with red ribbons, such as we see as the dress of young pedestrians in Sir Joshua's early pictures.

"How beautiful!" said Winnington, in a whisper. "She has been walking out. What is she doing? Who is she? What is her name?"

The apparition turned half round, and revealed her features in profile. Her lips seemed to move, she smiled very sweetly, and then suddenly moved out of the sphere of vision, and left Winnington still open-mouthed, open-eyed, gazing toward the window.

"A nice enough girl," said Arthur, coldly; "but come along," the old woman will be anxious to get home, and, besides, I am very hungry."

"I shall never be hungry again," said Winnington, still transfixed and immovable. "You may go if you like. Here I stay in hopes of another view."

"Good night, then," replied Arthur, and rapidly walked away.

How long the astonished Winnington remained I can not tell. It was late when he arrived at the rectory. The old woman, as Arthur had warned him, had gone home. Arthur let him in.

"Well," he inquired, "have you found out the unknown?"

"All about her—but for Heaven's sake some bread and cheese. Is there any here?"

"I thought you were never to be hungry again."

"It is the body only which has these requirements. My soul is satiated forever. Here's to Ellen Warleigh!" He emptied the cup at a draught.

"The Squire's daughter?"

"His only child. They have been abroad for some years; returned a fortnight ago. Her father and she live in that desolate house."

"He will set about repairing it, I suppose," said Arthur.

"He can't. They are as poor as we are. And I am glad of it," replied Winnington, going on with his bread and cheese.

"He has an immense estate," said Arthur, almost to himself. "Combe-Warleigh must consist of thousands of acres."

"Of wealth and hill. Not worth three hundred a year. Besides, he was extravagant in his youth. I met the shoemaker at the gate, and he told me all about them. I wonder whether she's fond of butterflies," he added; "it would be so delightful for us to hunt them together."

"Nonsense, boy; finish your supper and go to bed. Never trouble yourself about whether a girl cares for butterflies or not whose father has only three hundred a year, and has been extravagant in his youth."

"What a wise fellow you are," said Winnington, "about other people's affairs! How many hundreds a year had Lucy's father? Nothing but his curacy and a thousand pounds he got with aunt Jane."

"But Lucy's very fond of butterflies, you know, and that makes up for poverty," said Arthur, with a laugh. "The only thing I see valuable about them is their golden wings."

The companions were not now so constantly together as before. Their studies underwent no change; but their evening occupations were different. The geologist continued his investigations among the hills; the naturalist seemed to believe that the Papii had become a gregarious insect, and inhabited the village. He was silent as to the result of his pursuits, and brought very few specimens home. But his disposition grew sweeter than ever. His kindness to the drunken shoemaker was extraordinary. His visits to several old women in the hamlet were frequent and long—What a good young man he was! How attentive to the sick! and he to be only twenty-one! On the first Sunday of the month he was in waiting at the door to receive the rector. He took his horse from him, and put it into the heap of ruins which was called the stable with his own hands. He went with him into the church. He looked all the time of service at the Squire's pew, but it was empty. He walked alongside the rector on his return; he accompanied him as far as the village, and told him quite in a careless manner of the family's return.

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"Ah! and I told her you were a perfect German; and she understands the language, and I said you would lend her any of your books she chose."

"What!" exclaimed Arthur, starting up excited to sudden anger; "what right had you, sir, to make an offer of the kind? I wouldn't lend her a volume to save her life, or yours, or any one's in the world. She shan't have one—I'll burn them first."

"Arthur!" said Winnington, astonished—"What is it that puts you in such a passion? I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you. I will tell her you don't like to lend your books; I'm sorry I mentioned it to her; but I will apologize, and never ask you again."

"I was foolish to be so hot about a trifle," said Arthur, resuming his self-command. "I'm very sorry to disappoint your friend; but I really can't spare a single volume; besides," he said, with a faint laugh, "they are all about metallurgy and mining."

"I told her so," said Winnington, "and she has a great curiosity to see them."

"You did!" again exclaimed Arthur, flushing with wrath. "You have behaved like a fool or a villain—one or both, I care not which. You should have known, without my telling, that these books are sacred. If the girl knows German, let her read old Gotsched's plays. She shall not see a page of any book of mine."

Winnington continued silent under this outbreak; he was partly overcome with surprise, but grief was uppermost.

"I've known you for two years, I think, Hayning," he said; "from the first time we met I admired and liked you. I acknowledge your superiority in everything; your energy, your talent, your acquisitions. I felt a pleasure in measuring your height, and was proud to be your friend. I know you despise me, for I am a weak, impulsive, manly-natured fellow; but I did not know you disliked me. I shall leave you to-morrow, and we shall never meet again." He was going out of the room.

"I did not mean what I said," said Arthur, in a subdued voice. "I don't despise you. I don't dislike you. I beg your pardon—will you forgive me, Winnington?"

"Ay, if you killed me!" sobbed Winnington, taking hold of Arthur's scarcely extended hand.

"I know I am very foolish; but I love Ellen Warleigh, and would give her all I have in the world."

"That's not much," said Arthur, still moodily brooding over the incident; "and never will be, if you wear your heart so perpetually on your sleeve."

"You forget that I don't need to have any riches of my own, said Winnington, gayly. "I am to be physician to the Prince and Princess in Aladdin's palace, and shall sit always on your right hand when you entertain the nobility. So, shake hands, and good night."

"But Ellen is not to have the books," said Arthur, sitting down to the table, and spreading a volume before him. "I wouldn't lend you for an hour," he said, when he was alone, cherishing the book, "no, not to Lucy Mainfield herself."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Deliver me from my friends!" a certain corpulent and very eminent Brooklyn divine might have exclaimed, on the occurrence of the following incident, which is related to us on reliable authority.

As the Rev. Dr. B— entered the crowded cabin of a Fulton ferry-boat, he was immediately addressed by a gentlemanly-looking man, but unfortunately under the influence of liquor, who very ceremoniously insisted upon giving him his seat.

"T-take my seat, D-d-doctor," stammered the man, "my seat; I have a great respect for you, D-d-doctor: you're a very good, and a, a, a, a very great man."

But before the polite offer could be accepted, an Irish woman slipped into the vacant place, and the late occupant turning again to Dr. B—, went on:

"Well, never m-mind, D-d-doctor, you must take the will for the deed; but I have a great respect for you, Doctor. You're a man above the common run; you've got a good church in Brooklyn: hope you won't leave us, Doctor. Heard you had a call to Ninth street the other day—nine thousand dollars salary; but you wouldn't go; no, Doctor, you told them you'd see 'em d-d first!"

The Doctor is quite as celebrated for his wit as his eloquence, but this time it failed him so decidedly that he had not a word to say in reply.

THE YEARS OF IMPORTANT INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.—The following table gives the year of the most important inventions and discoveries:—Glass window, first used, 1187; chimneys in houses, 1228; lead pipes for conveying water, 1252; tallow candles for lights, 1290; spectacles invented by an Italian, 1299; paper first made from linen, 1302; woolen cloth first made in England, 1381; printing invented, 1449; watches made in Germany, 1470; variation in the compass, noticed, 1532; pins used in England, 1540; circulation of blood, by Harvey, 1619; first navigation published, 1687; first fire-engine invented, 1693; first steam-engine invented, 1749; steam engine improved, by Watt, 1769; steam cotton mill erected, 1784; stereotyping invented in Scotland, 1785; animal magnetism, by Mesmer, 1789; electro-magnetic telegraph, by Morse, 1843.

THE FAT IN THE FIRE.—A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant the way he should go, so that when his wife was present he might not depart from it, sent him with a box-dicket for the theatre to the house of a young lady.

The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had, of course, been told, in giving answers to certain kinds of messages, to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun, in speaking of the lady.

"Did you see him?" said the gentleman, giving him the cue.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant. "He said he'd go with a great deal of pleasure; and that he'd wait for you, sir."

"What was he doing?" asked the wife, carelessly.

"He was putting on his bonnet!" was the reply.

"It is said that there was 'fat in the fire' immediately."

"I have," writes H. H. R., an old correspondent of an esteemed contemporary of ours from a far-Western State, "a couple of neighbors, old Mr. and Mrs. Pimperton. Mrs. Pimperton had 'laid it to heart' for years that her door-yard fence should be white-washed, and she fairly tormented the flesh from Mr. Pimperton, clattering about 'that door-yard fence.'"

"The old man said 'it had got so that he could dream of nothing else but door-yard fences and whitewash.'"

Mrs. Pimperton at length found a receipt for whitewash, which she cut from the *Federal Rock*, a Political Torpedo, made up of lime, salt and sugar—more permanent and lustrous, according to the paper, than white-lead itself.

"This 'added fuel to her fire,' and she followed Mr. Pimperton with that receipt until he was obliged in self-defence, to prepare a dose of it, and baptize about twenty rods of his fence."

"Well, it did look beautiful, in the setting sun, on the evening of its completion; and the old man really began to that old Mrs. Pimperton was something of a woman after all!"

Mr. and Mrs. Pimperton retired that night happy.

"La, me!" exclaimed Mrs. Pimperton, as she was putting the finishing touches to the bow-knots of her nightcap—strings—'La, me! Mr. Pimperton, 'it didn't cost much, n'other; and the old fence looks just as good as new, and shines a good deal brighter than Squire Holmes', with all his paint and ile. Don't say a woman don't know nothing again, Mr. Pimperton. Women do know something. Not a dollar out, and our fence will last us for ten years.'"

"Mr. Pimperton rolled over, grunted, and fell asleep."

During the night Mrs. Pimperton was aroused by strange noises. She shook Mr. Pimperton from his slumbers. It did seem as if the very heavens had 'broke loose,' as Mrs. Pimperton said. The herds of a thousand hills were evidently upon them.

"Mr. Pimperton arose and threw open the window. And there, gathered in the moonlight, marching and countermarching, and bellowing forth unearthly sounds, and going each other, really were (so Mr. Pimperton thought) the 'herds of a thousand hills' storming around his newly-whitewashed fence."

"'Great Josiah!' he exclaimed, as he stood in his undress, staring through the window; 'why, Mrs. Pimperton, as true as you are a live woman, the very cattle have come down to dance around my fence!'"

"Then out of bed bounded Mrs. Pimperton, and there they were, sure enough, 'a.m.gin' around their tails flying, their horns a-darin', as she declared, and they had the first really jolly laugh together that they had had for years."

"But the morning told the story. The herd had mostly dispersed. Two or three persevering animals still lingered, however, and were still standing 'reared upon their hind-legs, kicking off the salt, sugar and lime upon the top of the posts—the last touches of their last night's work!'"

"The fence," said Mrs. Pimperton, in relating the circumstance, 'was licked as clean as my washboard.'"

MORAL.—Don't wash your fences with the "cheap" paint of "salt, sugar, and lime."

Authors, actors and managers, incessantly and fault with and condemn each other. The three estates contrive to produce discord, and fire in a perpetual state of antagonism. This form of government is not peculiarly characteristic of the dramatic microcosm, but is equally typical of the larger world, of which the theatre presents a faithfully reflected miniature.

EXTRA HEAVY AND FINE GOLD GUARD CHAINS
Just received by the
STRAUSS & GOLDEN AGE CO.,
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JULIUS JURGENSEN'S GENUINE COPENHAGEN WATCHES.
Just received and for sale by **BRIGGS, DRY & CO.,**
The above-mentioned watches are suitable for Ladies.
To be found at **BRIGGS, DRY & CO.,**
112 Montgomery St., corner Sacramento

and Air Lawn Mills, in whole and half-pound c
Also, Double Tape Fuse.
The above Powder is manufactured by the Haz
der Company, and is of superior quality.
For sale by the Agent,
EDWARD H. PARKER
187 Front

